HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series 1. Episode 10. Cinderella Hancock

TONY HANCOCK

With

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR & SIDNEY JAMES

In

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 10.

With

DORA BRYAN & KENNETH WILLIAMS

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT & RECORDED BY THE BBC AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ

SCRIPT: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY - DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSALS: MONDAY 3rd JANUARY 1955: 2.00-5.00pm. PICC.1
11.00pm. PARIS

RECORDING: MONDAY 3rd JANUARY 1955: 11.15pm-12.15am. PARIS

TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 4th JANUARY 1955; 9.30-10.00pm. LIGHT & GOS

REPEATS: SATURDAY 8th JANUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS

SUNDAY 9th JANUARY 1955: 3.15-3.45pm. GOS

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CONTINUITY:
(Live) THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in…

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) "Hancock's Half Hour".

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 3

ADRIAN: It's amazing how even in this modern day and age, history can repeat itself. The most fabulous things can happen to the most ordinary people - even to people as ordinary as Tony Hancock. Take what happened to Tony Hancock one day last week. He was walking through the park early that morning - which wasn't surprising because that's where he'd slept the night before. Gaily he makes his way along the crowded street…

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP

CROSSFADE

EFFECTS: (STREET NOISES)

TONY: (SINGING HAPPILY TO HIMSELF. CONTINUE UNDER ADRIAN)

ADRIAN: (SLIGHT DISTORT & ECHO) There he goes, a happy carefree figure, resplendent in his Army surplus drill shirt, hand knitted balaclava helmet, his best Sunday pair of plimsolls, the seat of his trousers shining in the morning sunlight. Past the butcher's shop, past the post office, past the fruit barrows laden high with...ah, ah, ah. Put it back.

TONY: Only want one.

ADRIAN: Put it back!

TONY: He won't miss that little one there.

ADRIAN: (FIRMLY) Put..it..back.

TONY: Oh alright. Fine thing when you can't whip a walnut for breakfast.

ADRIAN: On he walks, a smile here, a nod there, a cheery greeting to his friends…

TONY: (CALLS) Morning Charlie. Working? Oh of course, you don't have to do you. You've got twenty eight kids…. Morning Tosh, waiting for the boozers to open? I….oh sorry Vicar. I didn't recognise you with your polo necked sweater on. Happy New Year. Good health…. Hallo Granny, just off to the Post Office to get your pension eh? Good girl. Don't know what you want the wheelbarrow for, it isn't going up that much. (SINGS HAPPILY TO HIMSELF)

ADRIAN: (OVER) On his merry way he goes, not a care in the world, everybody's friend and...I say, look out! Watch where you're going"

EFFECTS: (BOOMP)

PAUL : Ooh, I beg your pardon.

TONY: I'm very sorry, my fault, I didn't see you bending down there. Haven't hurt yourself have you?

PAUL: No, I'm alright. I was looking for something in the gutter.

TONY: I know how you feel. I've been short of fags meself.

PAUL: I'm not looking for er..fags.

TONY: Oh, you're after the big stuff eh? Won't find any cigar ends round here - not in this neighbourhood. Have you tried Downing Street?

PAUL: Look, you've got me wrong. I just happen to have dropped something.

TONY: Oh I'm sorry. You know how it is. Very busy man. Can't stop. I'd help you look for it but i haven't got time. What was it?

PAUL: My wallet - it had eighty pounds in it.

TONY: (SHOUTS) Stop the traffic. Road up. Diversion. Everybody off the street. All the cars round the back streets. Put the notices up. Right lads, start digging.

PAUL: Look, I don't think there's any need to dig.

TONY: Oh, I don't know, if we don't find your eighty quid, we might hit on a Roman Temple or something. You know, bob a nob, quick butchers, soon adds up.

PAUL: Look, I assure you there's no need to dig up half of London. The wallet must be around here somewhere. I only just this minute dropped it

TONY: Well, let's have a look. Where are we now? Hallo, that's funny. I'm limping. I was alright when I woke up this morning. Help! Ambulance! Me leg's gone wonky. First aid. Splints. Doctor. Can't walk properly.

PAUL: You've got one leg in the gutter.

TONY: I've got one leg in the..?....ha ha! So I have. Who'd have thought. Ha! Ha! Makes one feel a bit of a Charley doesn't it. Now then - the wallet. It's going to be very difficult to find with all these people about, you realise that. Might take hours. Very big road. Might never find it. I wouldn't be surprised if you never see it again. Are you offering a reward for it?

PAUL: Yes. Ten pounds.

TONY: Well, what a coincidence, it's under me foot all the time. Who'd have thought. Amazing isn't it. Of all the places it could have been, it just happens to turn up in the very spot where i happen to be. Lucky I was here….. I mean you could have been searching all day and…

PAUL: Yes alright, thank you very much, it's very kind of you.

TONY: Yes. Ten quid please.

PAUL: I'd just better check and see if all the money's there.

TONY: It's all there, I counted it with me toes. Ten quid please.

PAUL: Well look, I can't give it to you just now, I need every penny of this eighty pounds.

TONY: What are you going to buy, a pound of tea?

PAUL: I'll tell you what, you give me your name and address and I'll see that you get rewarded.

TONY: Hancock's the name. Haitch - hay - hen - c - ho - c - k. The haitch is pronounced and hanybody 'oo says it hain't his hignorant.

PAUL: (AS IF WRITING) Hancock. Address?

TONY: Well actually I've just moved. They pulled down my old house to build a slum.

PAUL: Well, where can I get in touch with you now?

TONY: My present address is 311 Park Lane.

PAUL: But Park Lane only goes up to three hundred and ten.

TONY: Yes I know, I lean up against the wall. Look, the best thing to do is to call in at Mr. Bill Kerr's residence. You'll find me there on cold nights and after closing time.

PAUL: Right, well you'll be hearing from me. Goodbye… and thanks again.

TONY: Pleasure. Goodbye. Oh well, there goes the lad with his seventy nine quid. (CALLS) Taxi!

ORCHESTRA: "BACK TO TONY'S HAPPY"

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

TONY: Morning all.

MOIRA: Hallo Tony.

BILL: About time you got here. Where have you been all night? Sleeping in the park again?

TONY: How did you know?

BILL: The squirrels have been hiding nuts in your ears.

TONY: So they have. Get the fire going. Grub up.

MOIRA: Honestly Tony, I don't know how you've got the nerve to go out dressed in those rags.

TONY: Rags? Rags? It's not my fault. What's happened to all me other clothes - me best ones? I suppose you've given them to those tramps that call round.

MOIRA: No I haven't. They refused them.

BILL: You should be alright next week though.

TONY: Why?

BILL: They've offered you some of theirs.

MOIRA: And another thing Tony. You've got holes in your socks.

TONY: How do you know?

MOIRA: You've got holes in your shoes. And why don't you wear a tie?

TONY: I am wearing a tie.

MOIRA: I can't see it.

TONY: What do you think's holding me trousers up?

BILL: Oh no! Fancy walking around the streets with no collar and tie on.

TONY: Well it'd look silly without a shirt. Now don't keep on at me. I can't help being poor. We haven't all got money.

MOIRA: You should have - you earn enough.

TONY: Yes, but you know how it is these days. By the time I've put it all in the bank, there's nothing left.

BILL: If you've got money in the bank, why don't you draw some out?

TONY: Not likely. A cheque costs twopence.

BILL: Well?

TONY: I'd be overdrawn before I got me pen out.

BILL: Well anyway, now you've arrived you can get on with the housework.

TONY: Oh no, not again. It's not fair. I always have to do it.

BILL: You know the arrangement. I let you lodge here rent free till you find a place of your own, and in return you do all my housework. Now go on - wash the dishes.

TONY: There's none left.

BILL: Why?

TONY: I did 'em yesterday.

BILL: Never mind, there are plenty of other things to be done. Make the beds, scrub the floors, clean the grate out, wash the curtains, chop some wood, bring the coal up, make the fire, iron my shirts,clean my shoes, dig the garden and sweep the chimney.

TONY: Looks like I'm going to have a hard week.

BILL: Week? That's only up until breakfast time. After that you can clean the silver, wash the bedclothes, scrub the copper….

TONY: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Can I make a suggestion?

BILL: What?

TONY: I sleepwalk. Why not tie a brush to me head, I can whitewash the ceiling at the same time.

BILL: Yeah, that's not a bad -

TONY: I was only being funny.

BILL: Well don't.

TONY: You'd be out of a job if I didn't.

BILL: Stop arguing and get on with the work. I want this house looking spotless by tonight.

TONY: Oh, alright. Pass me pinny. Now me turban. Now then - what shall I do first?

BILL: Start by sweeping the place out.

MOIRA: And no sweeping the dust under the carpet like you have been doing.

TONY: I do not sweep the dust under the carpet.

MOIRA: Oh yes you do. From the front door to the kitchen it's uphill all the way.

BILL: That's right - look what happens every dinner time. I have to prop my plate up.

TONY: Yes, I know but…

BILL: I have to build a barricade of mashed potatoes to stop the peas rolling off.

TONY: Alright, so I may sweep a little dust under the carpet. But at least I do keep the place clean.

BILL: That's a laugh. This room is covered in dust. Inches of it.

TONY: You'll excuse me - there's no dust on that floorboard there.

MOIRA: That's not a floorboard - that's the top of the piano.

TONY: Well, it's such hard work.

BILL: Why don't you use a vacuum cleaner?

TONY: I gave it away.

BILL: Why?

TONY: It was full up.

BILL: Now come on, hurry up and get started it's -

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BILL: Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

SIDNEY: Morning Bill, morning Moira.

BILL: Hiya Sidney.

MOIRA: Hallo Mr. James.

SIDNEY: Hallo - who's the new charlady? Plenty of meat on her isn't there. I like 'em plump. Hallo my dear, you going to be nice to me?

TONY: If you pinch me there once more, I'll fetch this shovel across your face.

SIDNEY: Oh, it's you is it. What've you got that turban round your head for? You look like Sabu looking over the top of an elephant.

BILL: Tony's doing my housework for me.

SIDNEY: Work? Him? He can't even spell it.

TONY: Oh yes I can. W - E - R - K.

SIDNEY: You've looked it up, haven't you.

BILL: Say Sid, what brings you round here at this time of morning?

SIDNEY: I wondered if you wanted to go to the Ball tonight.

TONY: What Ball?

SIDNEY: The big Film Ball they hold every year. I've managed to get hold of two tickets. One for you Billy, and one for Hancock.

BILL: Where did you get 'em from?

SIDNEY: I'm not saying, but if anyone asks who you are, you're J.Arthur Rank and Marilyn Monroe.

TONY: But that's ridiculous. Neither of us bear the slightest resemblance to J. Arthur Rank.

SIDNEY: Look - do you want tickets or not?

BILL: Are you kidding? The National Film Ball's the biggest social event of the year. All the big stars will be there. Jane Russell, Ava Gardner, Shelley Winters, Joanne Crain, Robert Morley, Margaret Rutherford, Dora Bryan, Janette Scott….

SIDNEY: Yeah, and I've heard a whisper that royalty's going to be there.

TONY: Who?

SIDNEY: Prince Littler and Anna Neagle.

TONY: I'll have to practice me curtsies. Ah, I can just see meself, the centre of attraction, dancing with all the beautiful women.

SIDNEY: I didn't know you could dance.

TONY: What? Me? The Gene Kelly of the Marshall Street Baths. Educated feet I've got. Ask any girl at the Hammersmith Palais who's the biggest creep in town. And I'm hot at the old fashioned stuff too. They don't half sit up when I do the Lancers.

BILL: Why?

TONY: I use real lances. Course I used to be a dab hand at the Saint Bernard's Waltz.. But I turned it in.

SIDNEY: Why?

TONY: I felt such a Charlie dancing round the floor with a barrel of rum tied round me neck. Ah, it'll be wonderful. Can't you just see me (SINGS WALTZ) Lovely band ain't it. (SINGS) Marilyn, stop bothering me. I'm dancing with Jane here. Sorry, Ava's after her. Then I'm doing a quick knees up with Rita. you'll have to wait. It's no use kissing me hand Shelley, me mambo card's full right up. Get on the queue dear. Look, why don't you girls go and dance with Greg Peck and Grainger and Rock Hudson and that lot. Poor devils, they haven't had a look in since I got here. No, I'm sorry dear, Yvonne de Carlo's taking me home tonight. (SINGS) ….I'll be out on the balcony in a minute Glynis. And whip that tail off, it flaps around me feet something rotten. (SINGS) "When I go dancing I look so entrancing, they call me the Belle of the Ball…"...ta tum ta tum ta tum...this is it. The chance of a lifetime. The chrysalis emerges from it's cocoon. The rose finally blossoms into full beauty. Ah, what shall I wear?

BILL: The apron and the turban. You're staying here.

TONY: No Bill I -

BILL: You're not going to the Ball. For one thing, you've got all the housework to do..and besides, you haven't got a suit to go in, and anyway it's my turn to wear the shirt this week.

TONY: It's not fair. I never get any fun. You and Sidney always go out and enjoy yourselves while I'm left here all by meself - piles of dishes in the sink, no fire, nothing to eat, abject misery….

SIDNEY: You've got the Television set haven't you?

TONY: That's it, go on, make it worse. Woe is me. (BREATH) And I did so want to go to the Ball.

BILL: Well, you're not going. There - I've torn your ticket up.

TONY: You mean beast. You don't want me to go to the Ball do you, 'cos I'm more beautiful than you are.

BILL: Who'd look at you in your rags.

TONY: Girls don't care about men's clothes. It's what's inside the clothes that attracts them.

BILL: What?

TONY: Money. And I haven't got any of that either.

SIDNEY: Let's face it Hancock, you would be out of place at a do like this. You haven't got that certain...laissez faire.

TONY: I certainly won't find her sitting home here will I.

SIDNEY: Look we're doing this for your own good. We don't want to embarrass you. If you go to this Ball, people will laugh at you - and you're not used to it.

TONY: I'll chance it. Come on lads, please let me go. It'll be the only chance I'll ever get of dancing close to Jane Russell.

SIDNEY: What, a little bloke like you. She'll be head and shoulders above you.

TONY: (BLISSFULLY) I know.

BILL: Look Tub, you're not going to the Ball and that's that. Your place is in the kitchen. And don't forget, I'll expect my supper to be ready when I come in.

TONY: (NARKED) How about some nettlerash sandwiches.

BILL: Oh and while we're gone, there's all the laundry to do. That'll keep you busy until midnight. Come Sidney - let us away to prepare for the Ball. Anthony, get my tails out.

TONY: Hang on, I'll cut a hole in your trousers.

BILL: Oh, and I'll need my top hat. Where is it?

TONY: On the window sill.

BILL: Isn't it about time we bought a flowerpot.

SIDNEY: Come on Billy, we'll be late.

BILL: Coming. (GOING OFF) And don't forget Tub - get all that washing done. See you later.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (CLOCK STRIKING SIX)

TONY: Woe is me. Six o'clock. I'll never get this washing finished. And my poor hands. All rough and chapped. I should have paid more attention when the adverts come on at the pictures, instead of nipping out to get the flavour of the month.

MOIRA: Hallo Tony dear.

TONY: Moira. Aren't you going to the Ball?

MOIRA: Yes, later. I don't want to go out and leave you here all by yourself, but I've got to - my agent says I must be seen in the best places.

TONY: Well, that dress you're wearing should take care of….ha! ha! Yes, I see what he means. Well if you've got to go, I suppose you've got to go. I don't mind being left here on me tod. But when you're in that ballroom dancing with all those handsome British film stars, think of me with a wet rag in me hands.

MOIRA: Don't be upset Tony. I'll stay with you as long as I can. How are you getting on with the washing?

TONY: Terrible. I've been scrubbing this dirty old copper all afternoon, but it's no good. I just can't get his helmet clean. Ha! ha! Laugh clown laugh. Cor dear.

MOIRA: Are you doing it properly? What soap powder are you using. Have you tried any of those coupons they push through the door?

TONY: Yes, but they're no good. They just get soggy.

MOIRA: You're supposed to exchange them for a packet of soap powder.

TONY: Oh I've got plenty of that. I've got every make on the market. Shine. Jiff. Foam. Wink. Frisk. Dizz. Here's a new one. Dirt.

MOIRA: Dirt?

TONY: Yes, look. Give your shirts that grubby look. No scrubbing needed. Just soak your whites for two minutes, you'll be amazed how filthy they get. Remember - Dirt is used by nine out of ten of Britain's loveliest tramps.

MOIRA: Well come on, I'll give you a hand. There's a lot to get through.

TONY: Don't worry Moira, they'll be done. Pass me the scrubbing brush. Now…

EFFECTS: (LOUD SCRUBBING)

MOIRA: Tony, go easy with the scrubbing brush.

TONY: Please Moira, I know what I'm doing.

EFFECTS: (MORE HARD SCRUBBING)

TONY: There you are - finished. Where do these beautiful lace curtains go.

MOIRA: (ACIDLY) On Bill's bed, they're his blankets.

TONY: Oh. Perhaps I did scrub a little too hard.

MOIRA: You think so?

TONY: Well, the scrubbing board's straightened out.

MOIRA: Oh, come away from that sink, you're messing everything up.

TONY: What do you mean, I got that ink stain out of Bill's shirt didn't I?

MOIRA: Well I could have cut it out with a pair of scissors.

TONY: Oh, it's no good, my heart just isn't in it. I want to go to the Ball. I want to dance with all those beautiful film stars.

MOIRA: Oh, I'm not good enough for you now, is that it?

TONY: No, of course not. I still like you Moira but well...you know how it is. A chap doesn't want to drive a saloon car all the time, he wants to go out in a sports job now and again. I mean you're solid, reliable and dependable, your chassis' in good nick and…

MOIRA: Alright - thank you - we don't want an A.A. report.

TONY: No, I'm sorry Moira, but tonight you'll just have to make do with Errol Flynn and Marlon Brando and that lot.

MOIRA: Oh, how can I be content with such substitutes.

TONY: Anyway, you're on a panel game now, you'll probably be elevated to the peerage next year, you won't look at me then. Ah, but what does it matter, I'm not going to the Ball so why talk about it. You go and enjoy yourself and leave me here to….patch the sheets. Oh, how unhappy I am. (BREATH)

MOIRA: Oh come on Tony, cheer up. I'll tell you what, let's pretend we're at the Ball.

TONY: What, here in this dirty old kitchen?

MOIRA: Not a dirty old kitchen - a magnificent ballroom. Come on, let's dress you up. Put this bucket on your head - there - that's your top hat.

TONY: Moira, I'm worried.

MOIRA: Why?

TONY: It fits.

MOIRA: Now then, this rug can be your cloak, fastened at the neck by a beautiful gold chain.

TONY: Eh?

MOIRA: This string of onions. There - you look wonderful. No - there's something missing.

TONY: What?

MOIRA: The cigar. Stick this Vienna loaf in your mouth. There - perfect. All ready to make your entrance.

GRAMS: "CHARMAINE" RECORD

TONY: Ah, good evening, so sorry I'm late. I got lost in my Rolls Royce. It's a bit big you know. My word what a distinguished gathering we have here. Mr. Jimmy Edwards over there I see.

MOIRA: Where?

TONY: That broom in the corner. Ah, what a charming array of smiling faces.

MOIRA: Smiling faces?

TONY: That row of cracked plates on the dresser. Get the pudding basin out.

MOIRA: Why?

TONY: I want to say hallo to Vic Oliver. Oh my word, this is jolly. Ah, Miss Lister I believe.

MOIRA: Mr. Hancock.

TONY: I have that good fortune.

MOIRA: How elegant you look. You're easily the most handsome man here.

TONY: And I'm so young with it. May I have the pleasure of the next gavotte?

MOIRA: Delighted. Oh, this is so romantic. Where did you learn to dance like this?

TONY: I used to stamp the wickets down at Lords. Come, let us be alone. What say you we step out onto the draining board? Aah, would that this night could go on for

ever and ever I…. (GRADUALLY BREAKS DOWN AND CRIES) ...Oh. I can't go on with this mockery, this artificial bonhomie…(SOBS)...I can't stand it.

MOIRA: Oh, Tony darling, it's not as bad as that. There'll be other film balls. Please don't cry.

TONY: I'm not crying - it's these perishing onions. Don't stay here any longer Moira, you'll be late for the Ball. I'll be alright. I've got the ironing to do. I can amuse meself burning triangles in Kerr's trousers.

MOIRA: Well, bye bye then. Don't upset yourself. I'll get back as soon as I can.

TONY: Stuff some cream buns in your handbag. Farewell. Have a good time.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: Ah well, all alone, while everybody else is enjoying themselves. Here I am, a pathetic forlorn looking figure huddled round an empty grate, no friends, no-one to care for me, miserable and lonely. The sort of thing Norman Wisdom dreams about. Oh well, back to me chores.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: It can only be the broker's men.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

PAUL: Oh, good evening, I'm looking for a Mr. Hanco….oh. Hallo there, remember me?

TONY: Yes. You're the bloke with all the money in his wallet.

PAUL: That's right.

TONY: Throw some on the fire, I'm cold.

PAUL: I said I'd get in touch with you about the reward and well...here I am.

TONY: Won't you come in? Would you like a drink?

PAUL: Please.

TONY: You'll find the tap in the kitchen.

PAUL: Say, you seem pretty miserable - anything wrong?

TONY: Yes, I'm fed up. Everybody's gone to the Ball except me. They won't let me go. I've got to stay home and do all the chores.

PAUL: What chores?

PAUL: Tell me, what's this Ball you're talking about?

TONY: The National Film ball. The one all the big stars go to.

PAUL: Well it's lucky I came along. I think I may be able to help you. I'm just on my way to the ball myself - and I happen to have a spare ticket.

TONY: You have?

PAUL: Yeah, I was going to take Margaret Rutherford, but...you can't can you.. So you shall go to the Ball.

TONY: I'll go and get a pumpkin and some mice. Do you think you could whip a Rolls Royce up? At last. Me luck's changed. I'm going to the Ball. Ava, Jane, Marilyn, cheer up girls, I'm coming. (HUMS "BELLE OF THE BALL") Wait a minute, I can't go. I've got no clothes to wear.

PAUL: Well, I know Fred Emney pretty well - perhaps we could put a gusset in one of his suits and…

TONY: Alright, thank you, I don't think we need to pursue that any further.

PAUL: Say, I've got it. Of course.

TONY: What?

PAUL: I owe you ten pounds reward money for helping me find my wallet. That should be enough for you to <u>hire</u> some clothes.

TONY: Yes of course, that's it. Wait a minute though. I've got to be clever here. I'll have to disguise meself. If Kerr recognises me, he'll send me home to finish the housework. What can I go as?

PAUL: Disguise yourself as a film star.

TONY: Who do you suggest?

PAUL: Let's have a look at you. Yes of course - that hair - those ears…

TONY: Clark Gable?

PAUL: Bugs Bunny.

TONY: Oh.

PAUL: Look, why don't you go down to some theatrical outfitters and hire a costume. They'll fit you up so your own father won't recognise you.

TONY: He refuses to anyway.

PAUL: See you later then.

TONY: Yes. Thanks very much. (SINGS "BELLE OF THE BALL")

GRAMS: LINK

SIDNEY: (YIDDISH) Hire you a costume eh? Well I don't know. There's a deposit on it.

TONY: Well you can wipe it off can't you.

SIDNEY: Alright then. Now - measurements. Where's my tape? Forty two and a half inches. Yes, I think we've got a hat to fit that. Now then - chest sixteen, waist forty eight, hips sixty three. I've got just the thing for you.

TONY: What?

SIDNEY: A bell tent.

TONY: Wrap it up.

SIDNEY: And remember, all this clobber's got to be back in my shop by midnight - otherwise you have to pay for another day's hire.

TONY: Midnight. I'll remember. Taxi. To the Ball.

GRAMS: " COMFY DOMESTIC HANCOCK"

EFFECTS: ("BELLE OF THE BALL" - BALLROOM ATMOSPHERE)

BILL: Oh boy Sidney, what a great ball this is. I was just dancing with Jean Simmons. Stewart Granger came up and said "Excuse me". Aw, Jean was so disappointed.

Sidney; Yeah?

BILL: Yeah - she wanted to dance with him. How have you been getting on Sid?

SIDNEY: Not so good Billy. I was doing the Palais Glide with Ava Gardner and she slapped my face.

BILL: Why?

SIDNEY: She said I was getting too pally.

BILL: (LAUGHS) Poor old Tub. Stuck at home doing the washing. Still, it's just as well. One dance with Jane Russell and he would never have gone back to his fretwork classes.

SIDNEY: Hallo, there's some more guests arriving.

KENNETH: (DECLAIM) Miss Audrey Hepburn and husband.

EFFECTS: (BUZZ OF CHATTER)

KENNETH: Miss Jeanne Crain and husband

EFFECTS: (BUZZ OF CHATTER)

KENNETH: Miss Margaret Lockwood and husband.

EFFECTS: (BUZZ OF CHATTER)

KENNETH: Miss Rita Hayworth and Company.

EFFECTS: (BUZZ OF CHATTER)

KENNETH: His Royal Highness Sheik Aly Aga Khancock.

EFFECTS: (BUZZ OF CHATTER)

BILL: (OVER) Hey Sid, look at this guy in the turban and the beard.

SIDNEY: Yeah, who is he?

BILL: Looks like an Egyptian.

SIDNEY: Could be, he's shaped like a pyramid.

BILL: Well, he's certainly the centre of attraction. Everybody's crowding round him.

TONY: (COD EASTERN) Greetings my friends, greetings. Salaam….salaam. Nassar Neguib shishkebab Allah akbar rashid, omar Abdul Omar Khayyam, Omar Papa...and sort that lot out.

KENNETH: Greetings Your Highness, it is a great pleasure to have you with us.

TONY: Enough chatter. Where's the women? I want to dance with them film bits - that's all I've come for.

KENNETH: Certainly Your Highness. But first we should like to present to you your hostess for this evening. The young lady who leads the reception committee for all the film actresses here tonight.

TONY: Ah, this is it. What I've been waiting for. Mr. Prince Charming. It must be Jane Russell. Might be Hedy Lamarr, or Ava Gardner, Audrey Hepburn...still I'm easy to please. Whoo, whoo, get in lad, it's your birthday.

KENNETH: And here she is - Miss Dora Bryan.

DORA: (WALKS ON) Oooh, he's nice isn't he.

TONY: Goodnight.

DORA: Where are you going?

TONY: Back to the dishes.

DORA: Oh no you're not. You're mine for the rest of the evening.

TONY: Well, it's very nice..thank you very much..but I won't trouble...I was expecting Jane Russell you see and well..you're a very sweet girl and well I…

DORA: Yes?

TONY: Well I...here have a yashmak.

DORA: But I want to dance.

TONY: Yes, of course you do. Look, there's Boris Karloff over there, he's not doing anything. Go and frighten him.

DORA: No, I want you, I want you do you hear, I want you. Oh that beautiful bushy black beard - it fascinates me.

TONY: Let me go, you can have it.

DORA: What's the matter Sheiky? Don't you like me?

TONY: Well, I don't quite know how to put this but...no.

DORA: Well, for someone who didn't know how to put it, you phrased it beautifully. Cheeky devil. I may not be as good looking as Jane Russell, but you stand more chance with me. Come on, let's dance. I've never danced cheek to sheik before.

GRAMS: (VICTOR SYLVESTER DISK)

TONY: Here we go. Keep to the nearside except when overtaking.

DORA: (SINGS TO THE MUSIC - VERY TUNELESSLY) Oh, this is lovely. As I waltz around the room with you, I feel everybody's staring at us.

TONY: I don't doubt it, I'm doing the Charleston.

DORA: You're a beautiful dancer. You just glide across the room. My feet don't seem to be touching the floor.

TONY: I'm not surprised, they've been on mine since we started.

GRAMS: (VICTOR SILVESTER - UP)

MOIRA: I say Bill, have you seen the Turkish gentleman dancing with Dora Bryan?

BILL: Yeah, he's quite a boy isn't he? With that flowing white robe and bushy black beard he looks like Philip Harben standing up in bed. Doesn't he rather remind you of Tony in build?

MOIRA: No. He's much better looking than Tony.

BILL: How can you tell? That beard hides his face.

MOIRA: Precisely.

BILL: Hey, they've stopped dancing.

MOIRA: Oh yes. Look - he's stopped to have a chat with Errol Flynn.

TONY: ….Of course I know quite a lot about this film lark you know. Cos I've been in it you see. I've made umpteen films I have. You can tell by the way I keep talking about meself. Mind you I was never the star. I was a stand -in. I used to do all the dangerous stuff for blokes like you. No offence. I mean I realise you blokes have got to be careful and...how's the yacht? Lovely vessel. Not as big as the Dockers, but then

you use yours for a different purpose. Well anyway, this particular film I'm talking about was about a bloke who captured Burma by himself.
ALAN: I was the bloke.
TONY: Course you were. I recognise the moustache. You didn't have one. Well you'll remember the director. Tall dark fellow, about four foot two with blonde hair.
ALAN: Fat bloke.
TONY: That's it, didn't have an ounce of flesh on him. Well this particular day we were doing the scene where you jumped out of the aeroplane into the Japanese held jungle which was on fire thousands of feet below. You remember the scene. You were in bed when it was shot. Well anyway, I was up in this plane with the cameraman and the director sitting in the cockpit behind me. So he says to me, this is the director of course...he says "This is the place - go on - jump". I said "I can't - I've left me parachute behind". He said "That doesn't matter, Errol can take it, he's tough. Go on - jump". I'm not blaming you for this….I know you didn't know anything about it.
ALAN: I was in bed.
TONY: Of course you were. You were resting up for the big alligator scene where I swam across the river for you. Well anyway, I told him straight I wasn't going to jump without a parachute. I was firm about it. Not rude, but firm. Course you know me - I can be adamant. I'm easy going up to a point. But beyond that point I will not go. Well anyway, when he saw I meant what I said, he changed. He seemed to respect me for standing up for meself. His whole attitude softened. I'm not boring you am I? No, only say so. As I was saying, he realised he was dealing with a man as strong minded as himself. He shrugged his shoulders, a soft gleam of admiration in his eyes, and he sort of half smiled and interested like, he said "Are you strapped in?", so I said "No" - and then, with a gay little laugh, do you know what he did? He looped the loop.

DORA: Excuse me lover man.

TONY: Haven't you gone home yet?

DORA: This is a general excuse me.

TONY: Well go and excuse a general, don't bother me.

DORA: Oh, come on Sheikhy, don't let's waste time. Gather me up in your big strong arms, throw me across your white stallion and gallop off into the night with me - across the burning sands to your tent in the middle of the desert where we can be alone. Throw me down onto the cushions, and with your eyes smouldering with all the hot blooded passion of the East, rain your burning kisses down upon my eager inviting lips, as I surrender my very soul to you.

TONY: Are you playing hard to get?

DORA: Come on, let us throw convention out of the window.

TONY: Haven't you got a boy friend?

DORA: Yes, but we can sling him out as well.

EFFECTS: (CLOCK STARTS STRIKING TWELVE)

TONY: Look dear, it's very kind of you but I…. Blimey - twelve o'clock. I've got to scarper. Goodnight all. Taxi. Gangway. Mind your backs. Camel. Excuse me sir. Madam, do you mind.

DORA: Oi! Come back!

TONY: (OFF) Can't stop. Got to get back to the shop. Goodnight.

DORA: Oh dear, he's gone.

KENNETH: I say Miss Bryan, the Sheikh left in a hurry didn't he?

DORA: (TEARFULLY) Yes, and I don't know how to get in touch with him again.

KENNETH: Didn't he leave his card or something?

DORA: No. He just left this on the staircase.

KENNETH: What is it?

DORA: An Army boot.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK IN SPRING"

BILL: ...Oh you should have seen it Tub. This little fat Sheikh hares out of the ballroom so fast he leaves one of his boots on the staircase.

TONY: What happened to it?

MOIRA: We don't know. I think they handed it in somewhere.

SIDNEY: Well that Sheikh's got the biggest feet I've ever seen. The size of that boot. With four wheels on it, I could have driven it home.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Who's that?

MOIRA: That's strange. There's four soldiers out there - carrying a boot.

BILL: See what they want.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

MOIRA: Good morning, can I help you?

KENNETH: (SOLDIER) Good morning Madam. Have you got any men in this house?

MOIRA: Yes. Three if you count Mr. Hancock.

KENNETH: Well this Army boot was handed into us last night by a lady who begged us to find out who the owner is. We'd just like the three men here to try it on, see if it fits any of them.

BILL: Certainly Corporal. (GRUNTS) No, much too big for me.

KENNETH: Now you sir.

SIDNEY: Right. (GRUNTS) There.

KENNETH: Mmm, that's quite a good fit.

SIDNEY: I've got both feet in it.

KENNETH: Well that just leaves you now sir.

TONY: Oh yes. (GRUNTS) There.

BILL: Hey it fits.

TONY: Surprise, surprise.

KENNETH: Is it comfortable sir?

TONY: Yes.

KENNETH: You're sure?

TONY: Yes. Perfect fit.

KENNETH: Good. March him down to Aldershot Barracks. You're under arrest.

TONY: What for?

KENNETH: According to our records, the owner of these boots deserted seven years ago. By the right, quick - march. Left, left, left, right, left etc.

TONY: No, look I can explain. I didn't desert. It was all the others. They were advancing the wrong way. No, don't take me back. Bill, Sidney, Moira. Help! No...etc.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME (UP & UNDER)

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James, Dora Bryan and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme which was recorded was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END